

VOL.7 Nº3

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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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No. 57

Apr 15, 2011

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TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page



The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang

In this issue we're introducing GARY STARK! He'll lead you to action-packed adventure in the pages of TARGET each month. Excitement follows Gary and his pals, Bob Carter and Nails Harrigan wherever they roam. For the tops in thrills, read GARY STARK!

Kit Carter and Dan Merry time their basketball game very well in this month's Cadet story. Most of you are having the play-offs for the championships about now. So this story is really on the ball!

You'll notice that we've printed one reply to Norman Schwarz's letter as it appeared in the December-January issue of TARGET. As we've told you before, guys and gals, we welcome your comments on TARGET. Whatever they may be, so keep sending them in.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

+ + +

GIVE TO
THE
RED CROSS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I just got finished reading the letters in the Dec. Jan. issue of TARGET, and I sat down and read the letters. I don't think that it was very nice of Norman Schwarz to write you such a nasty letter. I think that TARGET COMICS is about the best comic book there is to be sold.

I have followed these books since I was big enough to read. My brother and girl friend also follow them. They are very popular around here in New Jersey.

Sincerely yours,
Carolyn Smith
284 Cortlandt Street
Belleville 9, New Jersey

We're pleased to know that TARGET makes a hit in New Jersey, Carolyn.

Dear Editors:

I like TARGET COMICS very much. When I am finished with them I send them to my cousins in Scotland. They in turn, send them to their Father who is in the Royal Air Force. They are passed all around the camp, and all the soldiers enjoy them so much.

They all say America must be a wonderful country to be able to make such zippy comics as TARGET.

Yours,
Dennis McGeahy
470 S. Grand Street
Orange, California

Gosh, Dennis, your copy of TARGET does some real traveling, doesn't it?

Dear Editors:

I'm one of millions that says TARGET COMICS are tops. This summer I made a resolution that if I buy a TARGET COMIC magazine I have to buy five war stamps. Boy, did my book fill up fast.

Truly I have never read a better comic book.

Sincerely,
Maurice DeCooman
4144 Lakeview
Detroit 15, Michigan

Sounds like TARGET rates with you, Maurice.

Dear Editors:

I am a new reader of TARGET COMICS but from now on I am going to read it regularly. I already have become interested in "The Cadet" and "The Targeteers". I am very satisfied with TARGET but there is one thing that I would like you to do and that is to start a club through TARGET.

There is one thing that I would like to pass on to the readers of TARGET COMICS, and that is to send their TARGET COMICS to the service men still overseas after they finish reading them.

A TARGET reader,
Billy Wellborn
50-A Garden Drive
Roselle, N. J.

Thanks for your nice letter, Billy.

Dear Editors:

I was given an assignment for homework to find out another word beginning with "T" meaning twister, well no sooner did I read the October issue of TARGET COMICS when there was the answer. That is why I think TARGET COMICS is the best of them all. It has the qualities of educational questions, humorous and adventure stories.

Yours truly,
Harold Glatter
75 Cumberland Walk
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

We're mighty glad TARGET was the answer for you, Harold.

Dear Editors:

I read each and every issue of TARGET COMICS and boy they're really tops. As my pal says, "They're Super".

Please put this letter in the back of the book.

Yours truly,
J. A. Jacobs, S1/c
15th Batt. U.S.N. Tadcen
Shoemaker, California

Couldn't quite make the back of the book. Thanks for your letter.

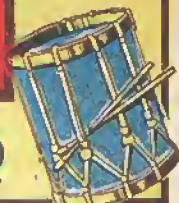
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25¢ will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



CAN YOU IMAGINE WINNING A BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP IN A TOY FACTORY? KIT CARTER COULDN'T--BUT IT COMES ABOUT WHEN THE DAUNTON CADETS TANGLE WITH A PAIR OF UNSCRUPULOUS SPORT SABOTEURS!



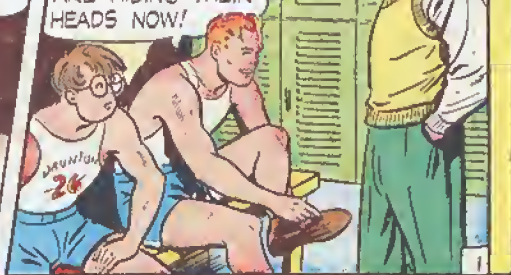
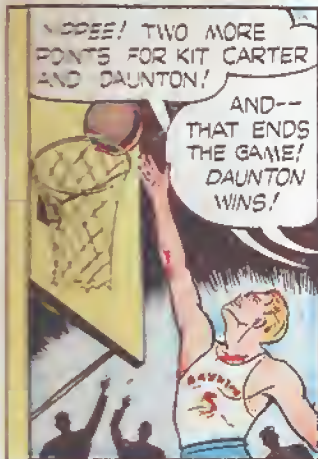
NOPEE! TWO MORE POINTS FOR KIT CARTER AND DAUNTON!

AND-- THAT ENDS THE GAME! DAUNTON WINS!

GEE! IF WE KEEP PLAYING THIS WAY, WE'RE A CINCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

TED RODEN'S MAKING A DARN GOOD COACH!

NICE GOING, COACH! THOSE DUMB BUNNIES WHO THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO YOUNG TO COACH ARE HIDING THEIR HEADS NOW!



Editor and General Manager--ROBERT D. WHEELER

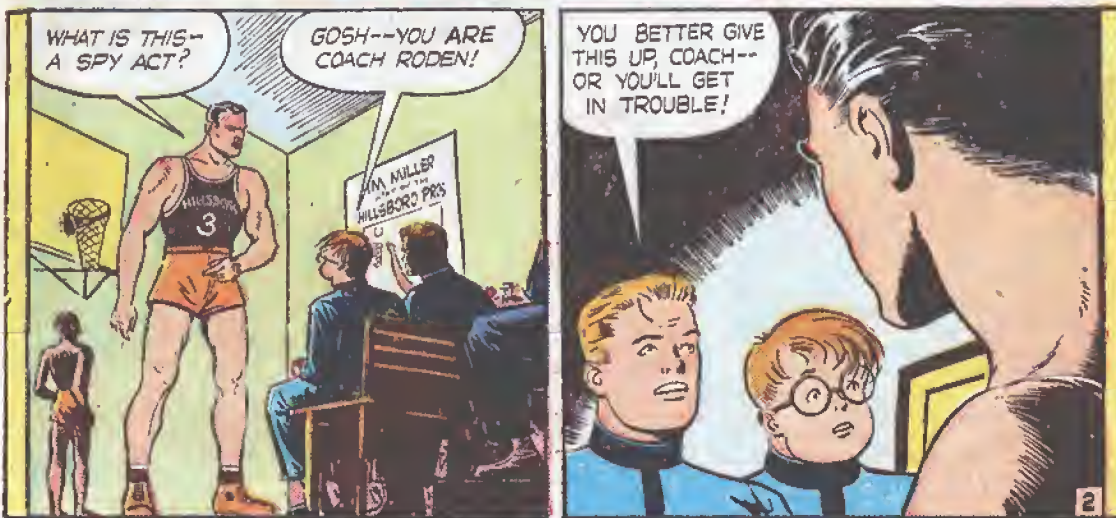
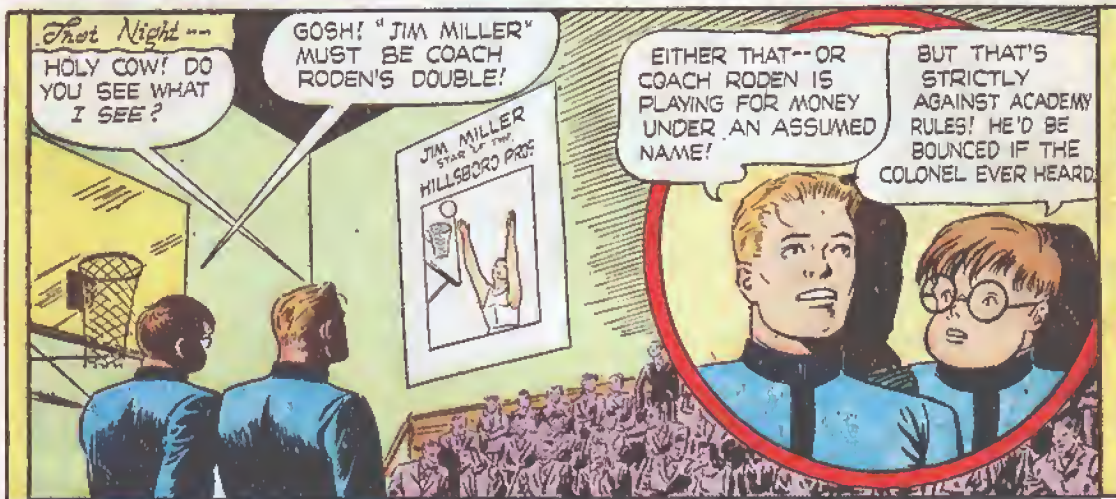
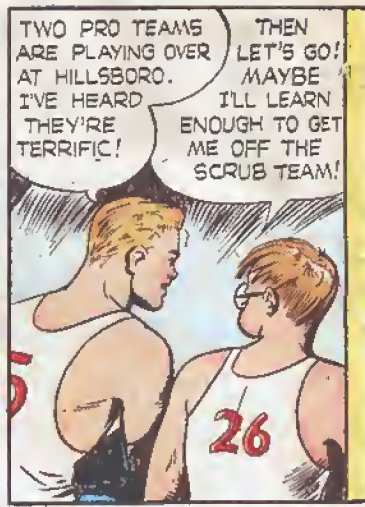
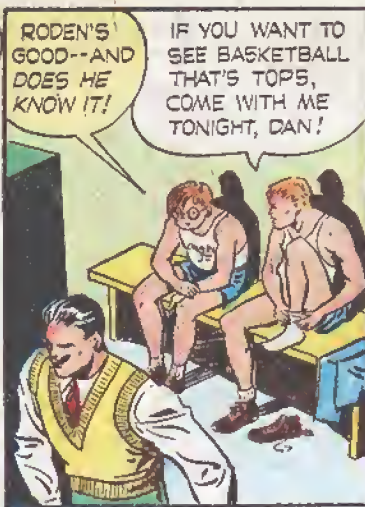
Managing Editor--JANE SPAULDING NYE

Art Director--MEL CUMMIN

Associate Editor--PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Editorial Assistant--HELEN DOIG SCHMID

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 2, No. 3, May, 1946, published monthly, except bi-monthly, December-January and June-July, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.





CAN'T A GUY EVEN PICK UP A LITTLE EXTRA CHANGE FOR HIMSELF, WITHOUT YOU SQUIRTS RUNNING TO TATTLE?

WE WON'T REPORT YOU, RODEN!



--BUT FOR GOSH SAKE, QUIT WHILE YOU CAN!

I DO AS I PLEASE! AND IF YOU GIVE ME AWAY, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



I GOT A STRANGE FEELING HE'S A GRADE-A HEEL!

I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT WE STILL CAN'T REPORT HIM!

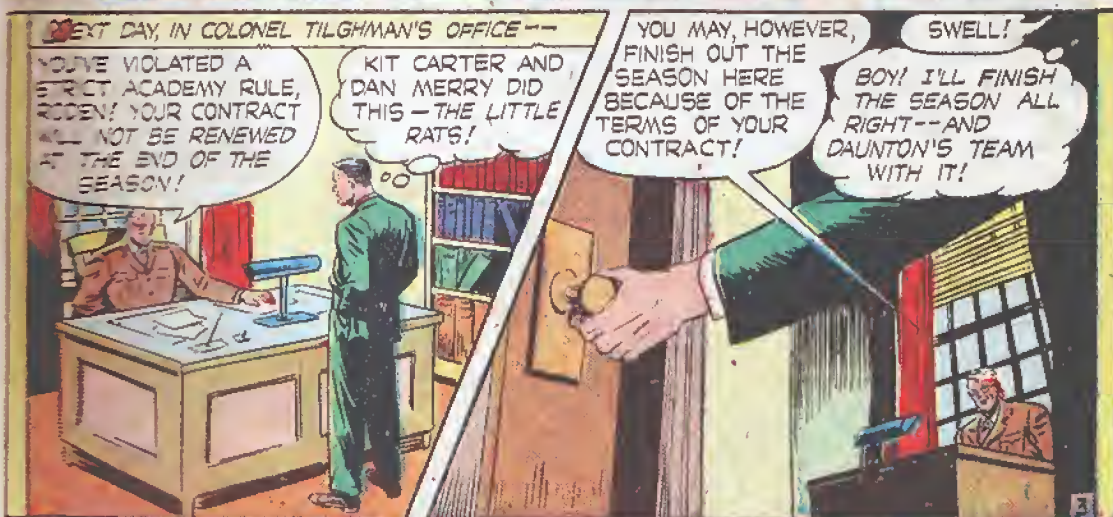


BUT IN THE AUDIENCE IS ANOTHER BASKETBALL FAN, PROFESSOR MCGUINE!

EXTRAORDINARY! I COULD SWEAR THAT PLAYER IS COACH RODEN!



GREAT SCOTT! IT IS RODEN! COLONEL TILGHMAN WILL HEAR OF THIS IMMEDIATELY!



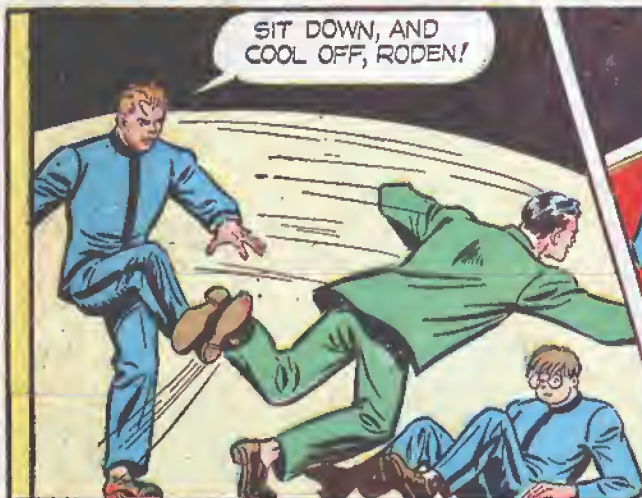
NEXT DAY, IN COLONEL TILGHMAN'S OFFICE--
YOU'VE VIOLATED A STRICT ACADEMY RULE, RODEN! YOUR CONTRACT WILL NOT BE RENEWED AT THE END OF THE SEASON!

KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY DID THIS--THE LITTLE RATS!

YOU MAY, HOWEVER, FINISH OUT THE SEASON HERE BECAUSE OF THE TERMS OF YOUR CONTRACT!

SWELL!

BOY! I'LL FINISH THE SEASON ALL RIGHT--AND DAUNTON'S TEAM WITH IT!



BUT DESPITE POOR COACHING, KIT'S EFFORTS KEEP THE TEAM ON ITS TOES THROUGHOUT THE SEASON!

AW! THE COACH SAID WE COULD TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF! WE DON'T NEED PRACTICE!

WE NEED PLENTY OF PRACTICE TO BEAT HECTOR PREP FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! LET'S GO!

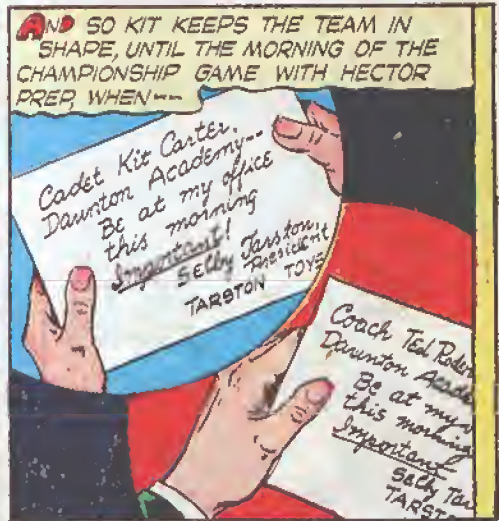
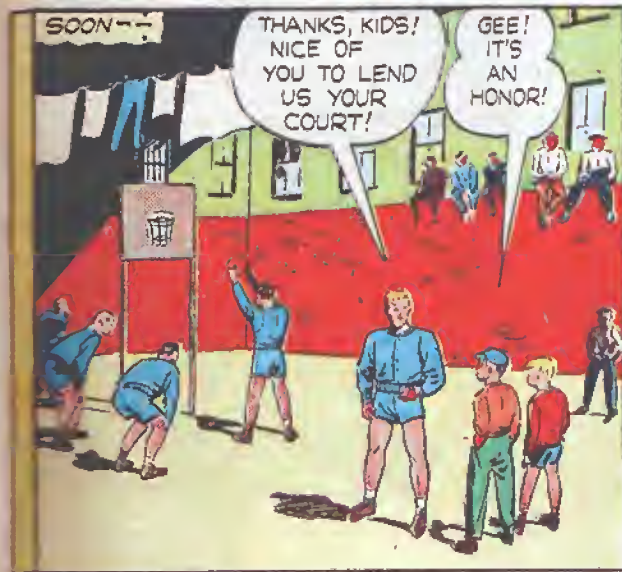
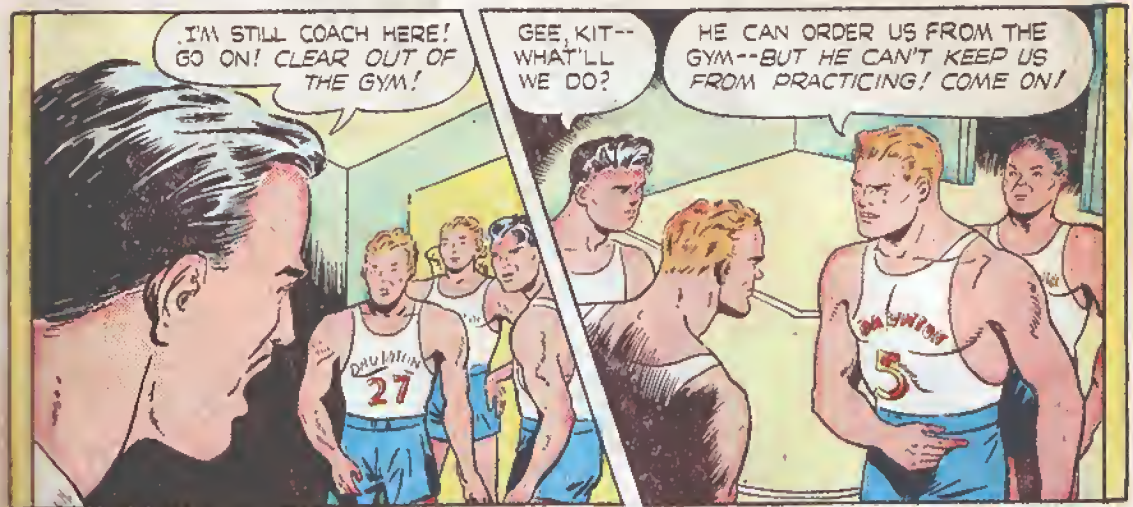
CARTER'S PRACTICALLY TAKEN OVER MY JOB! THE TEAM WILL NEVER GO SOUR, IF HE KEEPS DRIVING THEM LIKE THIS! THEY'RE A CINCH TO BEAT HECTOR PREP!

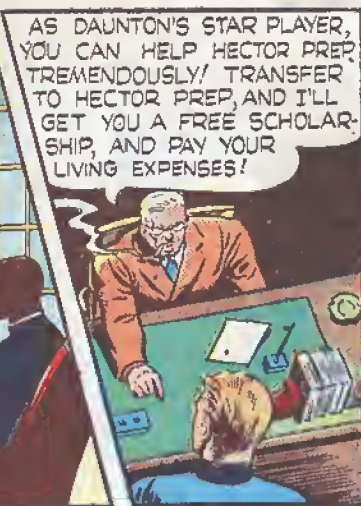


OKAY, BREAK IT UP! THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY!

BUT KIT SAYS WE NEED PRACTICE!







THAT AFTERNOON, JUST BEFORE THE BIG GAME----

WHERE'S KIT CARTER?

PROBABLY AFRAID TO SHOW UP AGAINST REAL COMPETITION!

YOU FIVE WILL START THE GAME!

BUT GOSH! EVEN I'LL ADMIT WE'RE THE WORST PLAYERS! WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HECTOR PREP RUNS WILD AGAINST THE GAME, BUT OUTCLASSED CADETS!

GOSH!-- PUFF!-- TWO MORE POINTS FOR HECTOR!

GET GOING!

YIPE! THIS IS GONNA BE MURDER IN THE WORST DEGREE!

MEANWHILE----

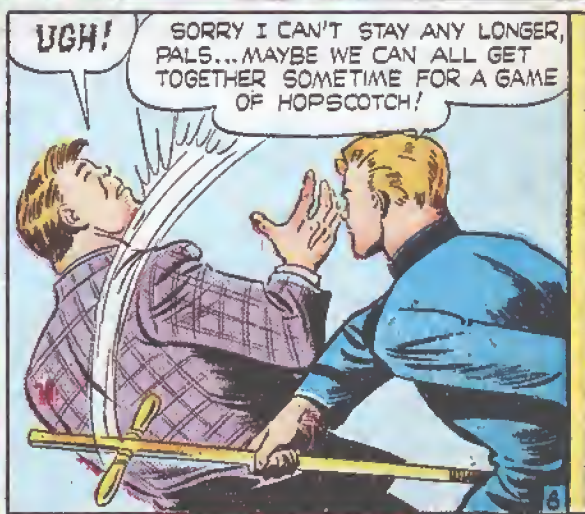
THOSE THREE MUSCLE MEN COULD TAKE ME APART, BUT I'VE GOT TO CRACK OUT OF HERE! TIME'S A-WASTIN!

HEY-- LOOK AT THIS!

RUN ALONG, SONNY! WE'RE TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING!

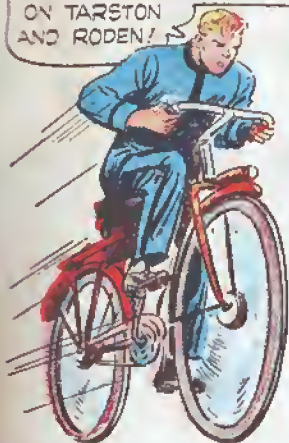
GUESS MY FRIEND JACK THINKS YOU'RE STILL TOO YOUNG TO PLAY!

WHACK!



Q QUESTION No. 4. Is a kangaroo's tail used as a support in standing?

HOPE I REACH DAUNTON
IN TIME TO PUT THE HEX
ON TARSTON
AND RODEN!



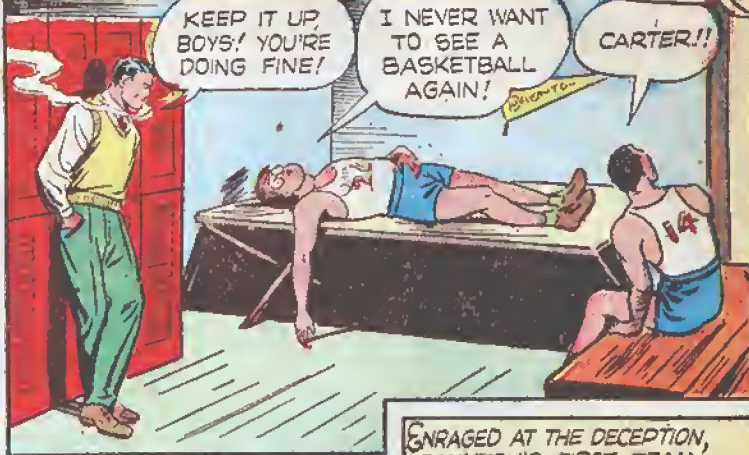
HALF-TIME, WITH DAUNTON TRAILING 39-7--

HI, GANG!

KEEP IT UP
BOYS! YOU'RE
DOING FINE!

I NEVER WANT
TO SEE A
BASKETBALL
AGAIN!

CARTER!!



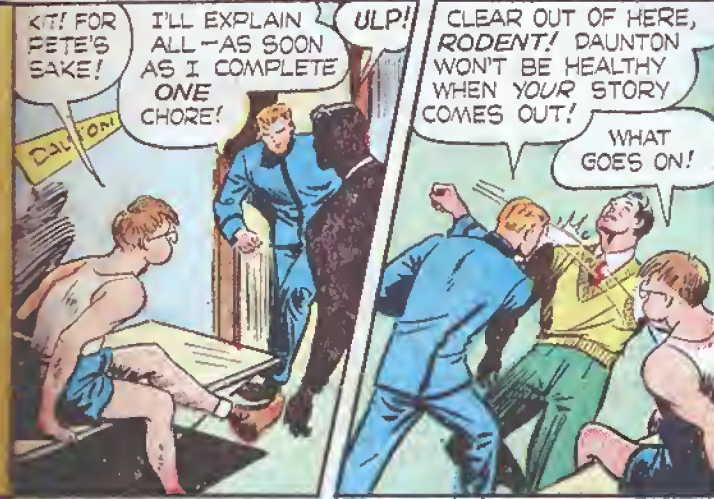
KIT! FOR
PETE'S
SAKE!

I'LL EXPLAIN
ALL--AS SOON
AS I COMPLETE
ONE
CHORE!

UHP!

CLEAR OUT OF HERE,
RODEN! DAUNTON
WON'T BE HEALTHY
WHEN YOUR STORY
COMES OUT!

WHAT
GOES ON!



**ENRAGED AT THE DECEPTION,
DAUNTON'S FIRST TEAM
STRIKES BACK IN THE
SECOND HALF!**

GOSH! WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU
GUYS?
YOU'RE
TERRIFIC!

YEOW!
DAUNTON
WINS!



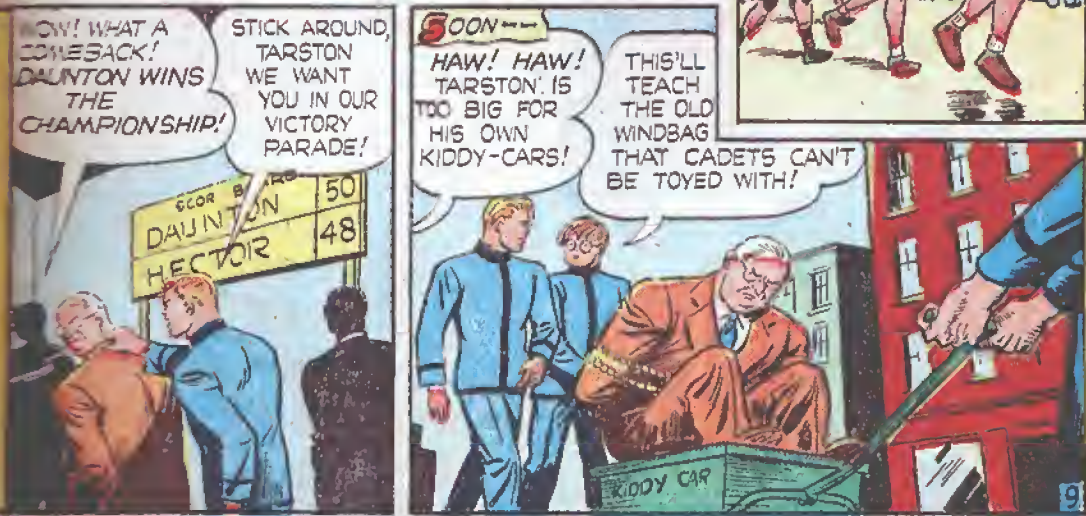
HOW! WHAT A
COMESBACK!
DAUNTON WINS
THE
CHAMPIONSHIP!

STICK AROUND,
TARSTON
WE WANT
YOU IN OUR
VICTORY
PARADE!

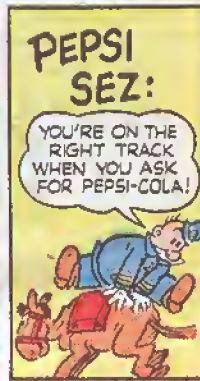
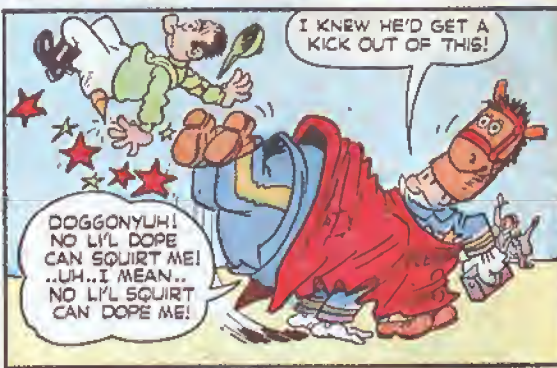
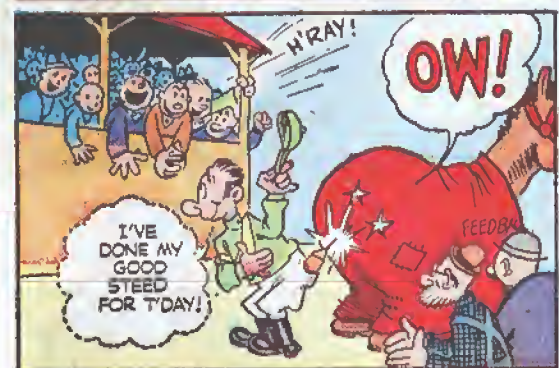
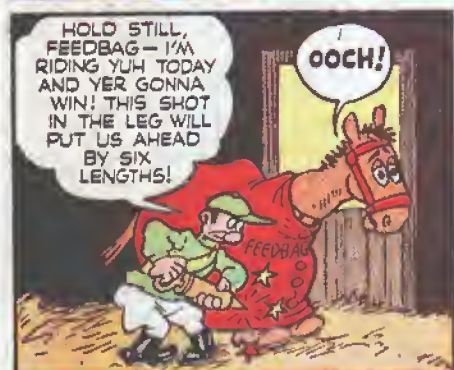
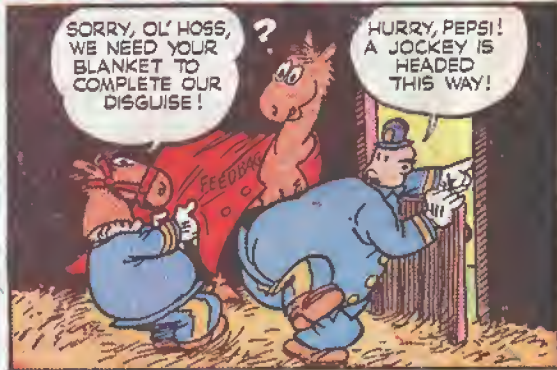
SOON

HAW! HAW!
TARSTON IS
TOO BIG FOR
HIS OWN
KIDDY-CARS!

THIS'LL
TEACH
THE OLD
WINDBAG
THAT CADETS CAN'T
BE TOYED WITH!



"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

JEWEL THIEVES, KIDS, AN OLD THEATRE
AND LOOT FROM A ROBBERY--STRANGE
INGREDIENTS--BUT THEY ADD UP TO
THE CHAMELEON AND ----
ADVENTURE!



IN THE GET-AWAY CAR---

THE BARK OF PISTOLS, A WOUNDED MAN'S SCREAM!
THESE MARK THE ROBBERY OF AN EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE!



LIKE WHODONITS?? READ YOUNG KING COLE!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR FROM THE CRIME ---

GEE, PETE, IT WAS SWELL OF YOU TO LET US HAVE THE KEYSTONE THEATRE FOR OUR SHOW!

YEAH, NOW WE'LL MAKE ENOUGH MONEY FOR OUR CLUB HOUSE!

WELL, I OWN THE KEYSTONE, AND SINCE YOU KIDS HAVE YOUR SHOW ALL SET EXCEPT FOR A PLACE, I'D BE A MEANIE NOT TO LET YOU HAVE IT... BUT REMEMBER, YOU MUST CLEAN IT UP!

I'M GOING TO BUY SOME CLEANING MATERIALS! YOU KIDS GO ON TO THE THEATRE!

SURE, PETE!

GOSH, HE'S SWELL!

OUTSIDE THE KEYSTONE THEATRE ---

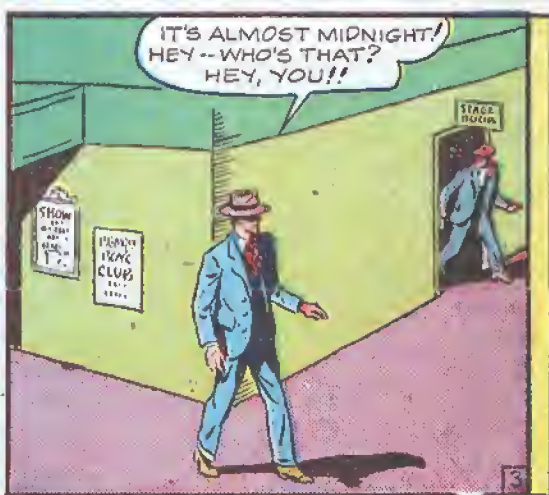
THIS PLACE HASN'T BEEN USED IN TEN YEARS!

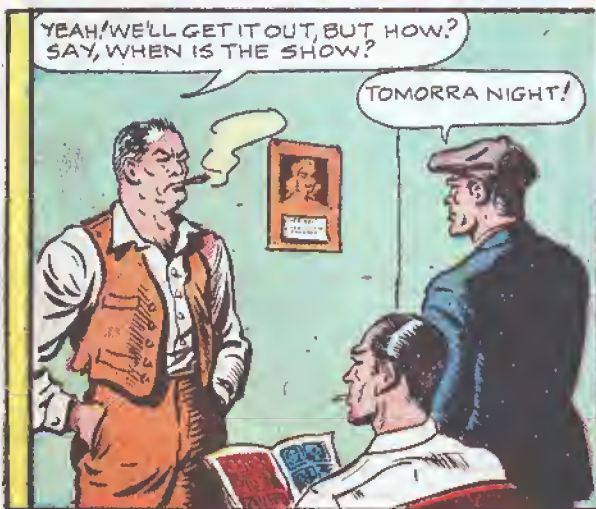
HEY... SOME-ONE'S COMING!

HEY, YOU KIDS-- WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

WE GOT PERMISSION TO PUT ON OUR SHOW HERE! WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN UP THIS PLACE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'M FROM THE BUILDING DEPARTMENT! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN CONDEMNED SO YOU KIDS GET OUT OF HERE!





THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE THEATRE ---

OKAY, BOYS, HERE COMES THE STAGE CREW! YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT TO DO!

STAGE DOOR

LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

OWW!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ---

STAGE DOOR

OKAY, BOYS! NOW WE'RE STAGE HANDS, SEE?

HEY, BOSS -- I AIN'T GOT A UNION CARD!

PETE, DISGUISED AS THE DOORMAN, IS THERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS ---

THERE, SONNY, I TOLD YOU THE CREW WOULD GET HERE ON TIME!

ONE OF THOSE GUYS LOOKS FAMILIAR!

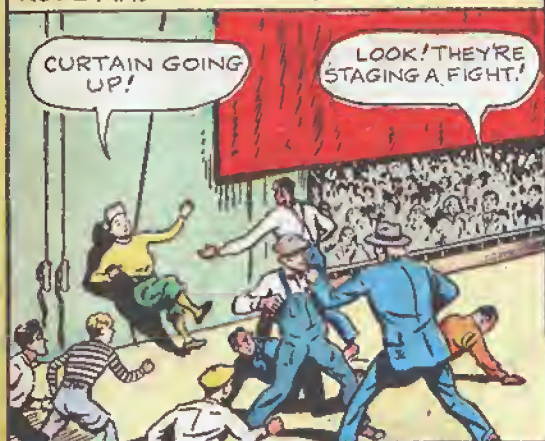
YOU RAISE THAT BACKDROP AT THE OPENING AND WE FADE IN WITH THE TAP DANCE!

HEY -- IF WE RAISE THAT DROP, THE SANDBAG COMES DOWN, HUH?

OF COURSE, SO WHAT?

SO WHAT? THAT SANDBAG AIN'T GETTIN' LOWERED!

RAGSY IS HURLED AGAINST THE CURTAIN ROPE AND----



THE DOORMAN LEAPS ASIDE NIMBLY-----



THE KNIFE SEVERES THE ROPE HOLDING THE SANDBAG-----



SOMEBODY TURN IN AN ALARM?

LOOK AT THEM JEWELS!



THE CROOKS ARE ARRESTED AND TAKEN AWAY----

WELL, EVEN IF THE FIGHT DID BREAK UP THE SHOW-- THE REWARD FOR THE JEWELS WILL BUILD A NEW CLUBHOUSE!

PETE! YOU!



ANOTHER EXCITING CHAMELEON ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM



DENTAL DIG.

O.K., SON, GET INTO THE CHAIR.

M-M-M-

JUST A MOMENT, I MUST DRILL.

GOSH! CAN'T I GET A TOOTH FIXED WITHOUT A REHEARSAL?

FLOP
Ullle

FOR THE TOPS IN DETECTIVE TALES, READ YOUNG KING COLE!

SPECK SPOT and SIS



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SIGH!

GOSH, SIS--I SURE HATE TO MOVE OUT ON ALL OUR FRIENDS LIKE THIS!

ME, TOO, SPECK--I GET ALL CHOKED UP JU'S THINKIN' ABOUT IT!

I'M BLUE!

A BIG GOB OF GLOOM!

I'M BLUE!

IF ONLY WE COULD FIGGER A WAY OF TAKIN' 'EM ALL WITH US!

YEH, BUT GOLLY, WE COULDN'T STUFF 'EM ALL IN THE TRUNK!

S-A-A-Y--WE CAN TAKE ALL OUR READERS WITH US TO OUR NEW COMIC MAGAZINE--- THEY CAN MEET US IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF **"HUMDINGER"**!

WOW! THEY SURE CAN! AND ALL OUR NEW FRIENDS WILL BE THERE TOO!

THEY SEE US AGAIN ON MARCH 27TH. WHEN **"HUMDINGER"** GOES ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



SURE WOULD BE CROWDED!

O HAPPY DAY!

UH-HUH -- IN THE MAY ISSUE OF **"HUMDINGER"**!



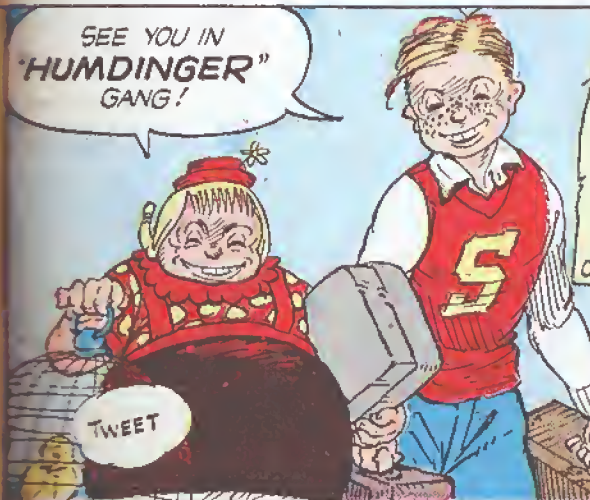
SEE YOU IN **"HUMDINGER"** GANG!

ART BY VINCENT

COMES OUT EVERY OTHER MONTH, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS--YOU CAN SEE **SPECK, SPOT AND SIS** IN **HUMDINGER COMIC MAGAZINE** -- ON NEWSSTANDS, MARCH 27th.

ME TOO--BE SURE TO MEET US!



TWEET



READ FRISKY FABLES FOR BIGGER AND BETTER CHUCKLES.

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

LA-DEES AN' GEN'MEN - OUR REFEREE HAD A SUDDEN ATTACK OF INDIGESTION... IS THERE ANOTHER REFEREE IN THE HOUSE?



HOW ABOUT ME?

OKAY, TWO-TON, YOU KNOW THE RULES?

AIN'T I SUPPOSED TO ASK TH' FIGHTERS THAT?

THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD!



HOLD ON! YOU'RE HERE TO REFEREE, NOT TO FIGHT...

CHEE - I FORGOT - FORCE OF HABIT, YA KNOW!



THAT AIN'T ALL YA FORGOT!

WOW! WOT A SOCK-RIGHT IN TH' BREAD BASKET!

WOT A WALLOP!

A KNOCK-OUT!



.. FOUR .. FIVE .. SIX .. SEVEN .. SEVEN .. NOW WOT COMES AFTER SEVEN?!!

TWEET TWEET



HA! HA! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHIN' YOU ATE!

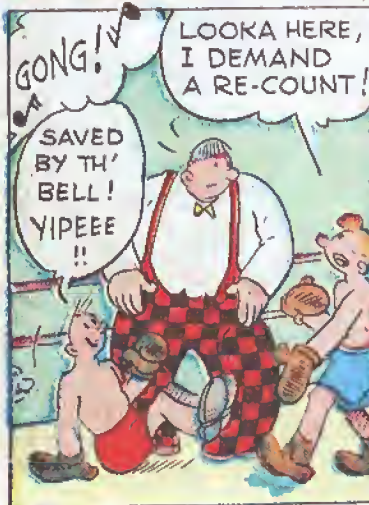
LET'S HAVE NO COACHING FROM THE AUDIENCE, PLEASE!



GONG!

LOOKA HERE, I DEMAND A RE-COUNT!

SAVED BY TH' BELL! YIPEEE!!



RE-COUNT NUTHIN' - YOU GET ANOTHER CHANCE - YOU GOT NO KICK COMIN'...

NO.

GONG!



- BUT YOU HAVE!

THAT'S WOT'S KNOWN AS "KICKING THE GONG AROUND"



- ART HEUFANT

READ THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE!

THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS

ANOTHER
FIRE!

THAT'S THE
FOURTH ONE IN
THREE WEEKS!

THAT DAY AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE
HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S MORE THAN
THE WORK OF
A CRANK. THAT
WOOD WAS VITAL
TO OUR AIRCRAFT.

IT'S
SABOTAGE
ALL RIGHT!

THIS AREA
IS STILL
UNTOUCHED.

WE NEED
SOME QUICK
INSTRUCTION,
ON THE DUTIES
OF RANGERS.

THE NEXT MORNING
THREE NEW RANGERS
REPORT FOR DUTY.

FOR THRILLING ADVENTURE READ YOUNG KING COLE!



Q UESTION
No. 8. Are the scenes on this page located in a tropical jungle?



THERE'S A FIRE ALARM BOX!

TURN IN THE ALARM. WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!



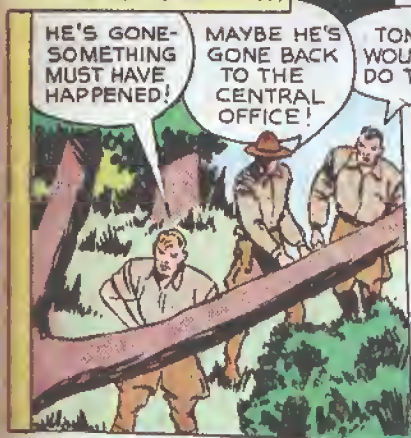
FLING YOUR JACKET ON THE BLAZE! IT HASN'T MADE HEADWAY YET!



I PUT IN THE ALARM. OH- YOU PUT THE FIRE OUT.

SAY, I WONDER WHERE TOMMY IS!

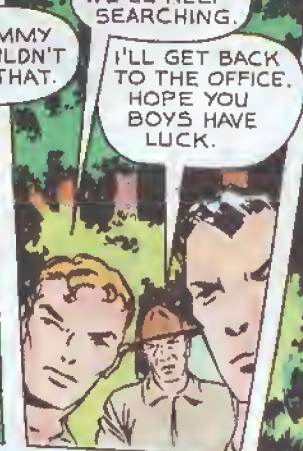
A FUTILE SEARCH.



HE'S GONE- SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

MAYBE HE'S GONE BACK TO THE CENTRAL OFFICE!

TOMMY WOULDN'T DO THAT.



WE'LL KEEP SEARCHING.

I'LL GET BACK TO THE OFFICE. HOPE YOU BOYS HAVE LUCK.



HE'S GONE- COME ON, DAVE. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO FIND OUT.

SHORTLY AFTER AT THE FIRE HOUSE.



NO FIRE ALARM WAS TURNED IN TODAY AT ALL.

THAT'S FUNNY, HAVE BOX NO. 33 CHECKED, IT MAY NEED REPAIRS.



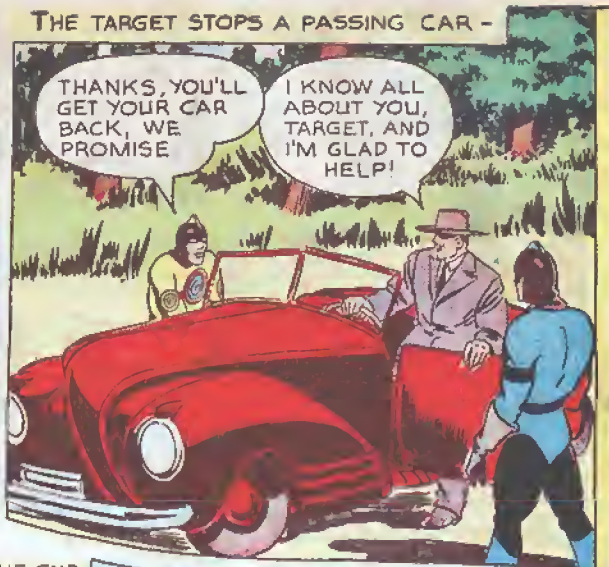
OR MAYBE GLOVER DIDN'T PUT IN AN ALARM. LET'S VISIT HIM IN OUR TARGET UNIFORMS!

BUT AS THE PAIR NEAR RANGER HEADQUARTERS.



THERE'S GLOVER. LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

THE TARGET STOPS A PASSING CAR -



THANKS, YOU'LL GET YOUR CAR BACK, WE PROMISE

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, TARGET, AND I'M GLAD TO HELP!

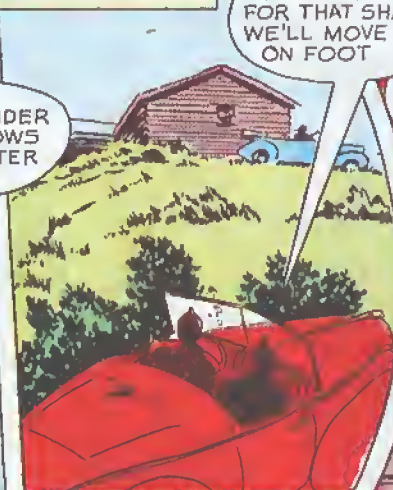
THEY SOON CATCH SIGHT OF GLOVER -



I WONDER WHERE HE'S HEADED

-AND I WONDER IF HE KNOWS WE'RE AFTER HIM.

FINALLY THE END OF THE TRAIL



HE'S HEADED FOR THAT SHACK. WE'LL MOVE OUT ON FOOT

GLOVER ENTERS THE SHACK.

KOTO, I'M BEING FOLLOWED!

I SEE THEM HERE, TAKE THIS - LEAD PIPES, ROCKS, AND -



SOON MISSILES HURTLE INTO THE PATH OF THE DUO!



LOOK OUT!

BUT THE TARGET'S FOOT SLIPS AND -



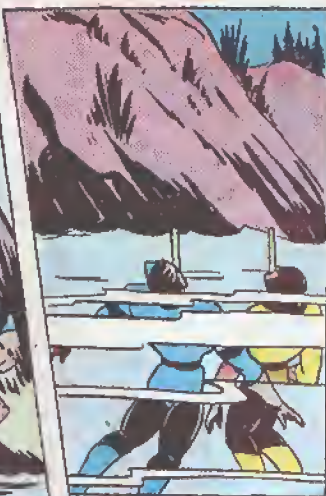
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE.

THEY'LL TRY EVERYTHING - BUT SAY THOSE PIPES GIVE ME AN IDEA!

QUESTION No. 9. If a group of two is a duo, what do you call three and four?

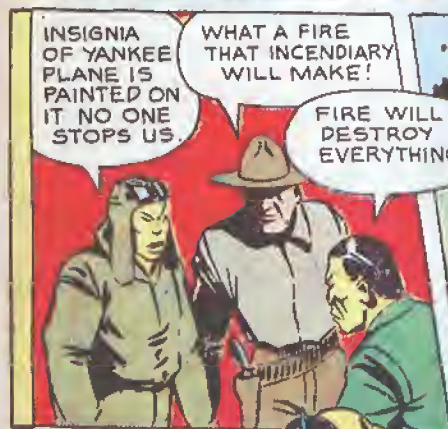


WE'LL EACH TAKE ONE AND GET INTO THE WATER WE'LL USE THESE TO BREATHE THROUGH



HA! THEY HAVE NOT COME OUT OF WATER. THEY ARE DEAD!

KOTO, THE PLANE IS READY WITH THE INCENDIARY.



INSIGNIA OF YANKEE PLANE IS PAINTED ON IT NO ONE STOPS US.

WHAT A FIRE THAT INCENDIARY WILL MAKE!

FIRE WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING.



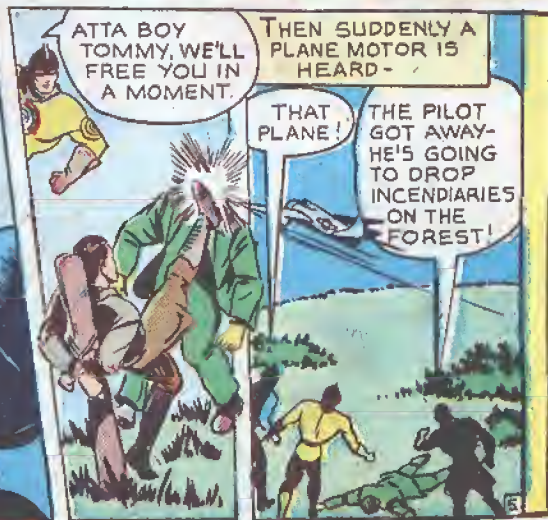
-AND NOW WE TAKE CARE OF NOT SO CLEVER YANKEE!

FIRST WE TAKE CARE OF THE OH-SO-CLEVER DOPES!



BRIGHT, AREN'T YOU!

YEE-OW!



ATTA BOY TOMMY, WE'LL FREE YOU IN A MOMENT.

THEN SUDDENLY A PLANE MOTOR IS HEARD -

THAT PLANE!

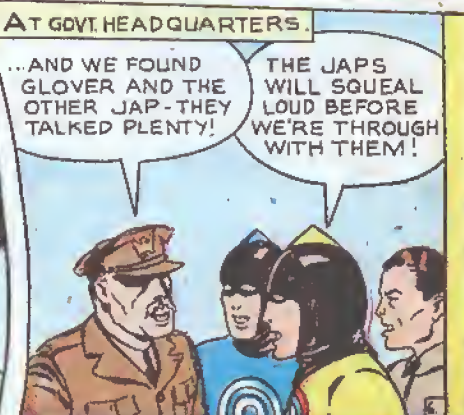
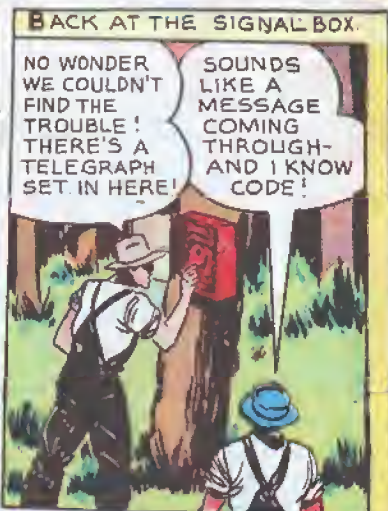
THE PILOT GOT AWAY- HE'S GOING TO DROP INCENDIARIES ON THE FOREST!

A trio and a quartet, respectively. A

NSWER
No. 9.



TAMPERING, THAT'S IT! THAT ALARM BOX! I BET IT HAS A MESSAGE DEVICE THAT GLOVER USED-THE REPAIR MEN ARE FIXING IT!



DO YOU LIKE THOROUGHLY EXCITING ADVENTURE?
THEN READ YOUNG KING COLE.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE IS BURIED. THIS FAMOUS PIRATE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIDDEN AWAY OVER 10 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LOOTED GOLD AND JEWELS.



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE A REAL TREASURE... BECAUSE THEY GIVE SUCH QUICK, PLEASANT RELIEF FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.

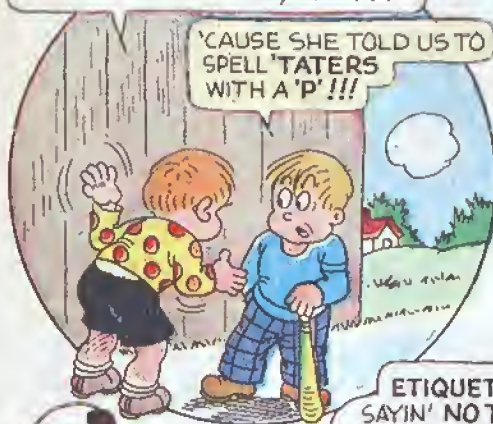


SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



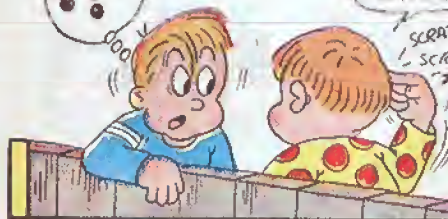
WOT D'YA MEAN YER TEACHER DOESNT KNOW HOW TO SPELL, HUH ???

'CAUSE SHE TOLD US TO SPELL 'TATERS WITH A 'P' !!!



ETIQUETTE IS SAYIN' NO THANK YOU WHEN YOU WANT MORE OF SOMETHIN'!!

SCRATCH
SCRATCH



© MILT HAMMER.

WOT DID YER POP DO WHEN YER MOM SAID SHE WANTED TO SEE SOME FURS?

OH, HE TOOK HER TO TH' ZOO!!



HOW COME THEY CALL YOU A YES GUY?

I DON'T NO!!!



THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBBO

By ART
HELFANT



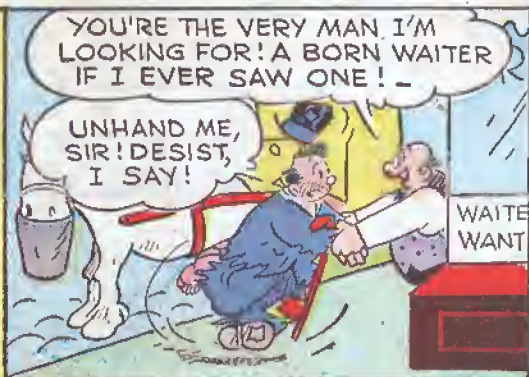
AH, SNIFF... SNIFF... WHAT
AROMATIC ECSTASY!
WOULDS'T THAT I HAD
THE WHEREWITHAL
TO PARTAKE OF THAT
FILET MIGNON!



YOU'RE THE VERY MAN. I'M
LOOKING FOR! A BORN WAITER
IF I EVER SAW ONE! -

UNHAND ME,
SIR! DESIST,
I SAY!

WAITER
WANTED



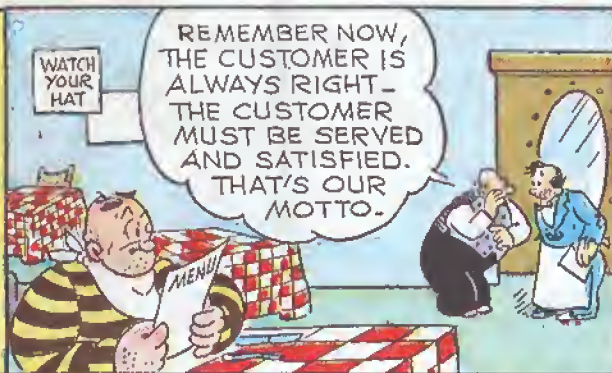
WORK FOR ME
AND YOU CAN
HAVE ALL THE
FILET MIGNON
YOUR LITTLE
HEART DESIRES!

I CONSIDER COMMON
TOIL BENEATH MY
DIGNITY, SIR, BUT
AS LONG AS YOU
PUT IT THAT WAY,
I ACCEPT.



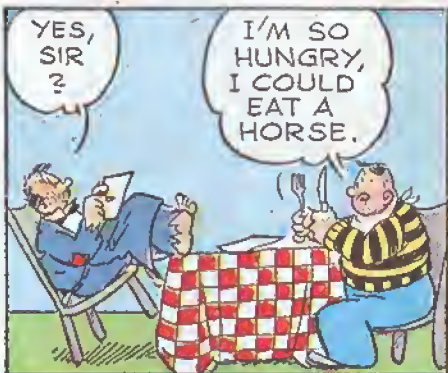
WATCH
YOUR
HAT

REMEMBER NOW,
THE CUSTOMER IS
ALWAYS RIGHT -
THE CUSTOMER
MUST BE SERVED
AND SATISFIED.
THAT'S OUR
MOTTO -



YES,
SIR
?

I'M SO
HUNGRY,
I COULD
EAT A
HORSE.



NOW WHAT
THE HECK
HAPPENED
TO NELLY
?

MILK



HERE YOU
ARE, SIR -
THERE'S NO
ACCOUNTING
FOR TASTE,
BUT WE
AIM TO
PLEASE!

?!
?



ART
HELFANT

SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

DAN'L FLANNEL



DAN'L
LEARNS THAT
IT PAYS TO
FIGHT AND NOT
RUN AWAY.
AS HE SHOWS
BEULAH BELLE
HOW TO HANDLE
A CITY
SLICKER!

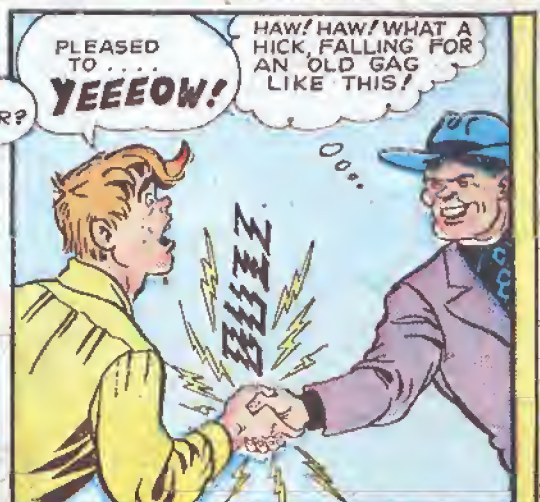


UNCLE DUD AND DAN'L GET A VISITOR...

HI, UNCLE
DUD! WHAT'S
COOKIN'?

LAND O'GOSHEN! IT'S
MAH DISTANT COUSIN
HARVEY HAIRBRAIN!
WHY MUST AH BE
PLAGUED WITH
SUCH A PEST?

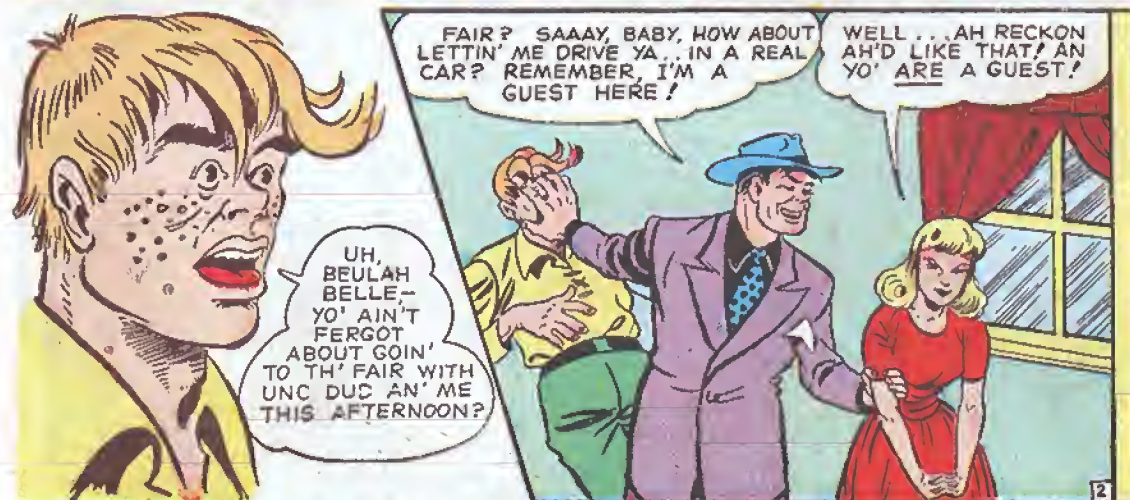
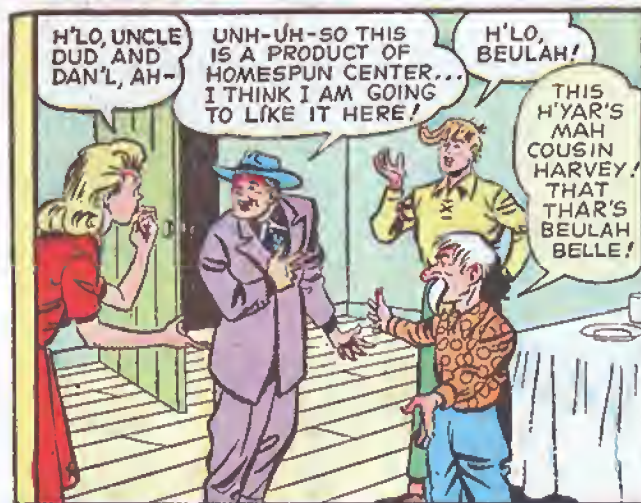
HOWDY,
STRANGER?



PLEASED
TO ...
YEEOW!

HAW! HAW! WHAT A
HICK, FALLING FOR
AN 'OLD GAG
LIKE THIS!

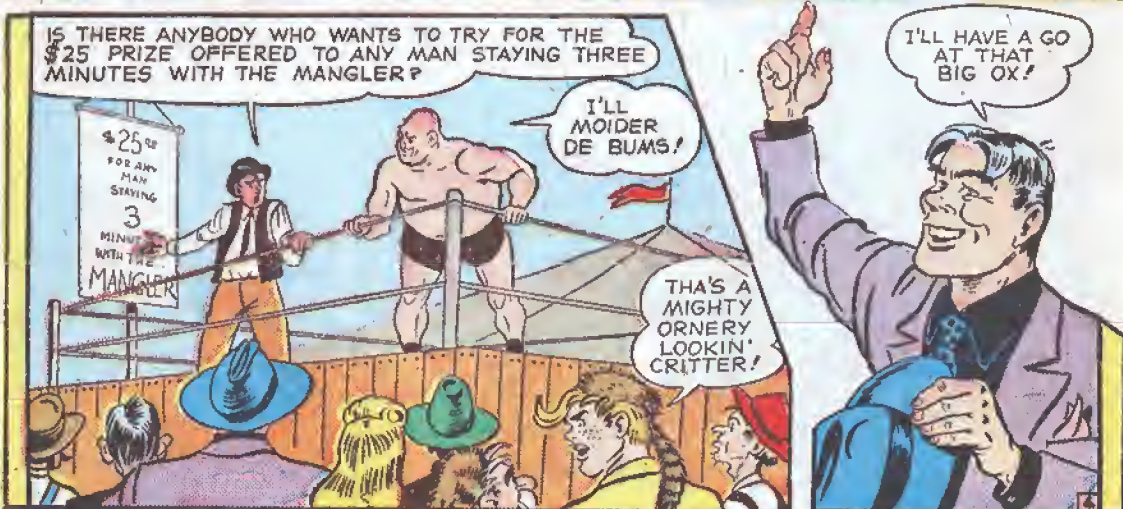
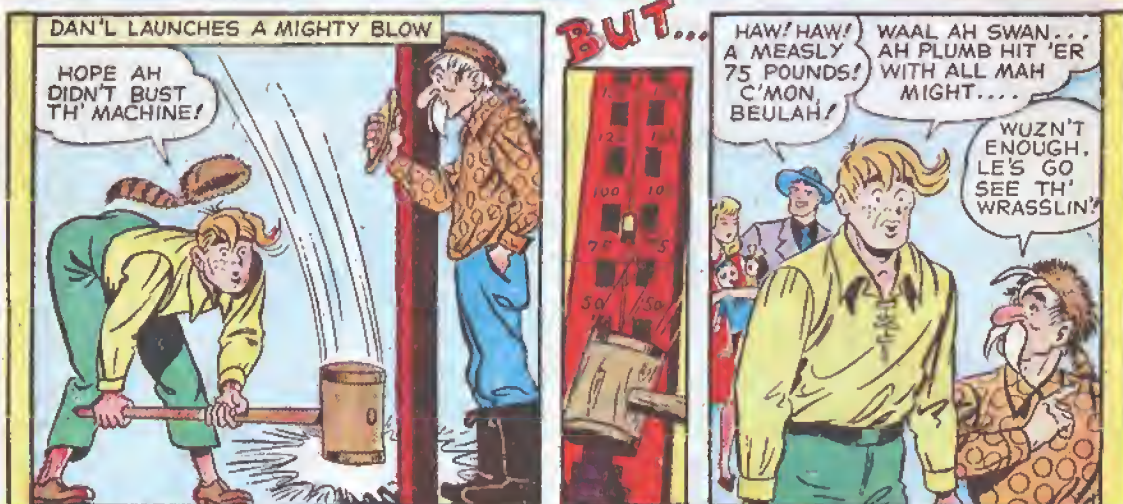
LIKE WHODONITS?? READ YOUNG KING COLE!



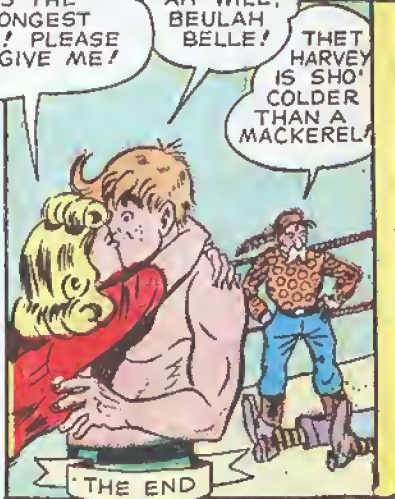
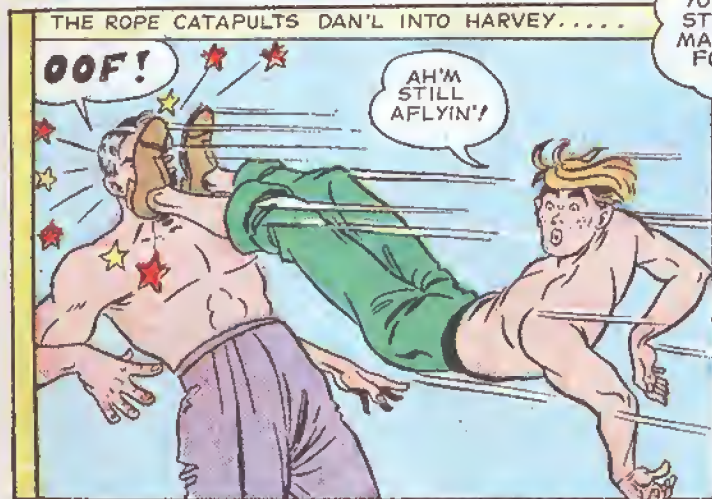
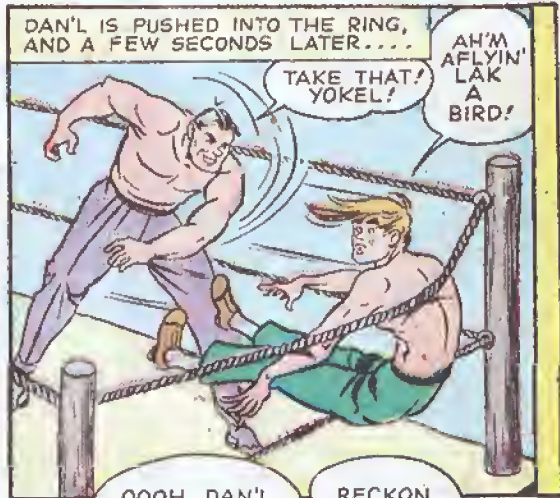
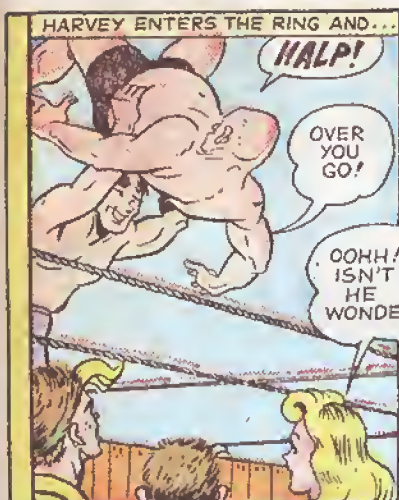
Q QUESTION No. 10. Can you use the word "fair" with 3 different meanings in one sentence?

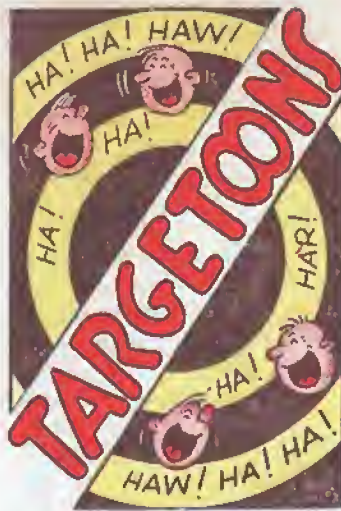


ANSWER No. 10: How about this: The weather was fair so I went to the fair and had a fair time.



QUESTION No. 11. What wrestler was given the nickname "Man Mountain"?





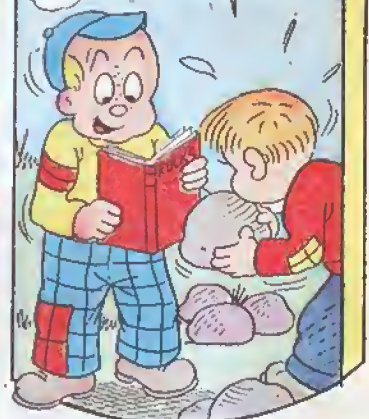
DO YOU THINK TH' ALEUTIANS SUFFER FROM ALEUTIANATIONS??



LOOK FOR **HUMDINGER**
THE SWELL NEW COMIC BOOK
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
MARCH 27!

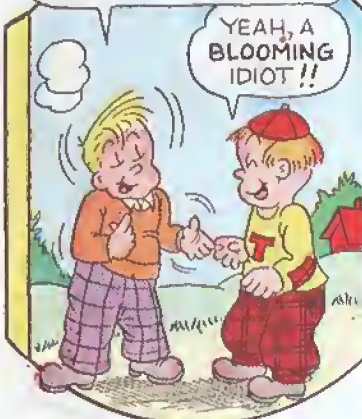
LET'S SEE WOT KIND OF ROCK THAT IS!!

AW-LET'S TAKE IT FER GRANITE!



MY POP SAYS I'M TH' FLOWER OF TH' FAMILY!!

YEAH, A BLOOMING IDIOT!!



DON'T BE AFRAID - JUST THROW HIM A BONE!!

I CAN'T-TH' BONE HE'S AFTER IS IN MY LEG!!



YOU CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE YER TEACHER THESE DAYS -- YESTERDAY SHE SAID THAT 3 'N 2 MAKE 5, 'N TODAY SHE SAID 4 'N 1 MAKE 5!!

WOT D'YA MEAN, GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS KNOWN FER HIS MEMORY??

WELL, DIDN'T THEY ERECT A MONUMENT TO IT??

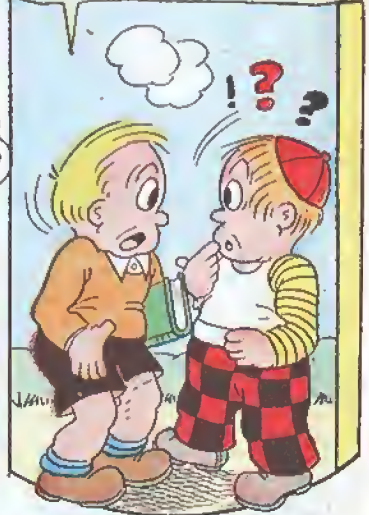


WOT'S YER NEW BROTHER'S NAME?

I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS!!



MILT HAMMER



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.

MERKIN GERKIN

BY
B.G. GUTH

JUST THINK, ALL
BEAUTIFUL SILK IS
MADE BY LITTLE
WORMS.



IDEA!



NEXT
DAY.



GIRLS LOOK!

ALL DA SILK
STOCKIN'S YA
WANT 69¢ BOX

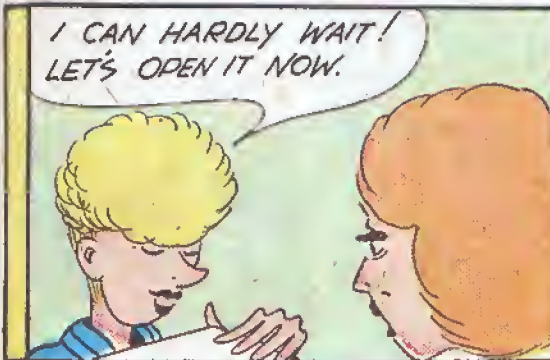


IS THAT SIGN
RIGHT, LITTLE
BOY?

IT SURE IS!
JEST BUY DIS BOX
AN YERE SILK
STOCKIN' WORRIES
ARE OVER.



I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
LET'S OPEN IT NOW.



DO YOU LIKE THOROUGHLY EXCITING ADVENTURE?
THEN READ YOUNG KING COLE.

THE BOY HUNT

by Mary Leland

IT was pitch black at the base camp partway down Mt. Penley. Everyone in the cabins was asleep, but two young people were conversing in worried tones outside the main cabin. "Gee, Martha, this is no joke. We've looked everywhere and no Benjy."

"I know, Pete, and it's 11 o'clock. We'd better hie ourselves over to the big hotel and send out an State alarm."

It had been hours ago that Peter, Martha, and their younger brother Benjy had started out in the bright New England sunlight to climb Mt. Penley. Leaving the car at the base camp, they had started up, determined to reach the top before sundown. Like all eager young boys, Benjy had run on ahead, but Peter and Martha were able to keep track of him by asking "downcoming climbers" whether they had seen him. They hadn't met anyone on the last mile up but felt sure Benjy would be waiting at the summit. The sun was just going down when they had breathlessly reached the top of Mt. Penley. But Benjy wasn't there! A little worried, but fairly confident that he would turn up at the car, Martha and Peter had started down the mountain in the summer twilight, calling Benjy's name in case he too was on the downward trail. It was dark when they reached the car, but still no younger brother. Then the search started in earnest! They drove to all the other base camps, contacted the fire patrol and asked innumerable people, but all to no avail.

They had just now returned to the first base camp and had talked to Old Dan who ran it. In answer to Peter's and Martha's frantic question he just kept muttering, "Nope, can't say as I have."

"C'mon, Sis, we'll go over to the hotel, call the family and the state police", said Peter. So, off they drove to the Barton Wood Hotel, one of the more exclusive resorts found in that section of the country. Dressed in their hiking clothes and bedraggled by hours of searching, Peter and Martha didn't exactly "fit" in the gay setting of the swanky hotel; but everyone, upon hearing of their trouble, was kind. All the hotel facilities were put at their command.

They called their father and contacted the State Police. Then, upon their parent's advice, they got a room and went to bed.

* * *

Early the next morning, Peter and Martha arose and set off again in the car. They were to return to the mountain to help the searching parties. "This is just terrible, Peter", said Martha. "We never should have let Benjy out of our sight. I'll never be able to forgive myself."

"Buck up, Sis, we need every ounce of strength and all our wits today. There's still a chance we'll find him. First of all, I'm going to stop at that first base camp again. It can't do any harm, and they might have heard something. No one was awake when we were there late last night except Old Dan."

They drove up to the main cabin and hopped out. Old Dan's daughter was there at the desk and they asked her about Benjy.

"You mean a boy 'bout 11 years old, dressed in grey slacks and sweater?" she asked.

"Yep", replied Peter, "he's lost on the mountain somewhere."

"Why there's a little boy in cabin 10 who answers to that description. I put him there myself 'bout ten o'clock last night when he stumbled down from the mountain. Said he'd got off the trail and had found his way down by hanging on to the cable tracks. Pretty smart thing for a lad to do."

"Good heavens!" chorused Martha and Peter. "It must be Benjy!"

"But", said Peter, "we were here last night at 11 and asked your father about him."

"Oh, Pop can't hear a thing, and he's so used to having people ask for cabins late at night, he most likely just said 'Nope, can't say as I have.' He always says that when our cabins are filled. He didn't know what you were after."

* * *

A few hours later, Martha, Peter, and Benjy sat with their family around the fire retelling the whole story. Now that the anxiety was over, they laughed uproariously over the fact that while Martha and Peter had conversed in worried tones at the camp, Benjy had been fast asleep only a few yards away!

GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO

THE MIGHTY GUNS ARE SILENCED, THE SMOKE OF BATTLE HAS CLEARED, AND THE TREMENDOUS JOB OF REPAIR TO THE RAVAGES OF THE GREATEST WAR IN HISTORY HAS BEGUN. AT THE FOREFRONT OF THIS PEACETIME BATTLE ARE THE VALIANT MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE, UNSUNG HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE, STILL CARRYING ON, SAILING THE SEVEN SEAS FOR STRANGE PORTS AND STRANGER HAZARDS.

JOIN GARY STARK AND HIS FRIENDS AS THEY TRAVEL THE SEA LANES TO THRILLING ADVENTURE..

GARY

BOB
CARTER

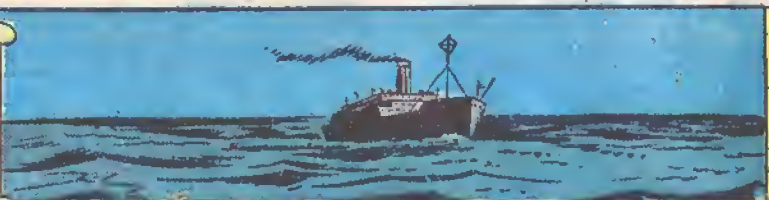
NAILS
HARRIGAN

PANAMA

BONZO

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

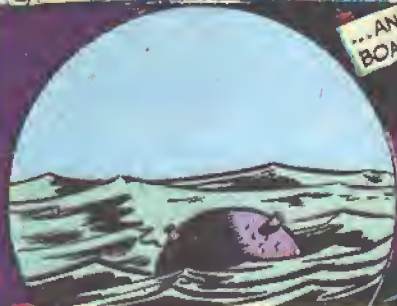
GONE ARE THE SUB
WOLF PACKS-- GONE THE
DANGERS OF MAN-MADE
DEATH, AND THE MERCHANT
SHIP "GONAVE" CHURNS
PEACEFULLY ON ITS WAY...



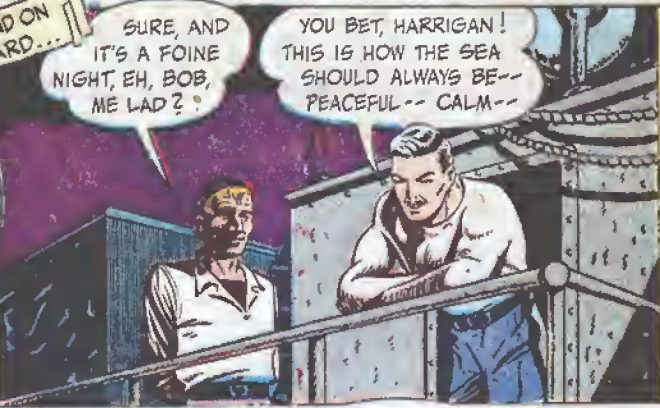
...AND ON
BOARD...

SURE, AND
IT'S A FOINE
NIGHT, EH, BOB,
ME LAD?

YOU BET, HARRIGAN!
THIS IS HOW THE SEA
SHOULD ALWAYS BE--
PEACEFUL-- CALM--



BUT SIGNS OF WAR ARE STILL
EVIDENT, AS A FUGITIVE MINE BOBS
ON THE DARK WATERS--



AYE, AN' IT'S LUCKY FOR
YOUR LITTLE PAL, GARY,
THESE DO NOT BE WAR TIMES!
THE SHOCK OF A SEA BATTLE
WOULD SCARE THE LAD,
I'M THINKIN'!

I WOULDN'T SAY
THAT, NAILS...
THE BOY COMES
OF GOOD
STOCK!

HIS BROTHER
AND I WERE SHIPMATES
DURING THE WAR-- I OWE HIM A
LOT, NAILS-- HE WENT DOWN SAVING
MY LIFE! NOW I'M TRYING TO MAKE IT UP
TO HIM BY WATCHING OUT FOR GARY--
TAKING HIS
BROTHER'S
PLACE--

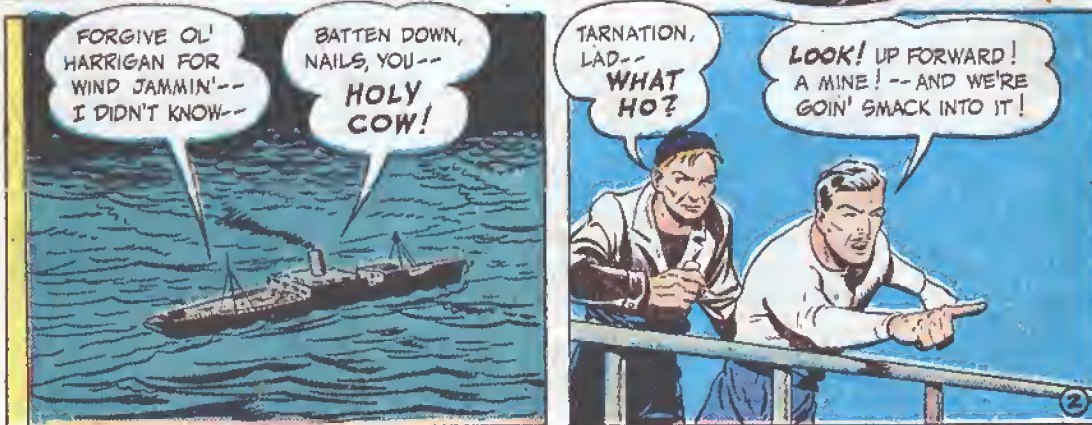


FORGIVE OL'
HARRIGAN FOR
WIND JAMMIN'--
I DIDN'T KNOW--

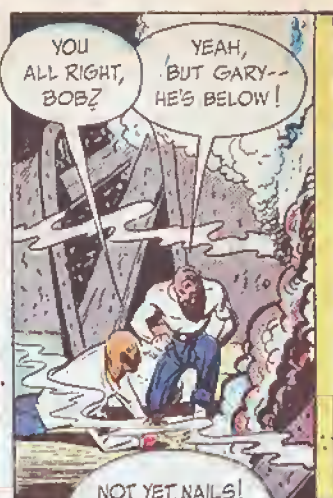
BATTEN DOWN,
NAILS, YOU--
**HOLY
COW!**

TARNATION,
LAD--
**WHAT
HO?**

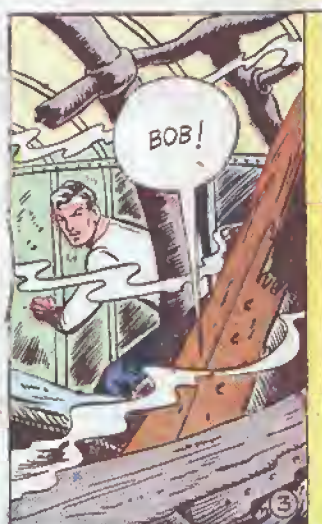
LOOK! UP FORWARD!
A MINE! -- AND WE'RE
GOIN' SMACK INTO IT!



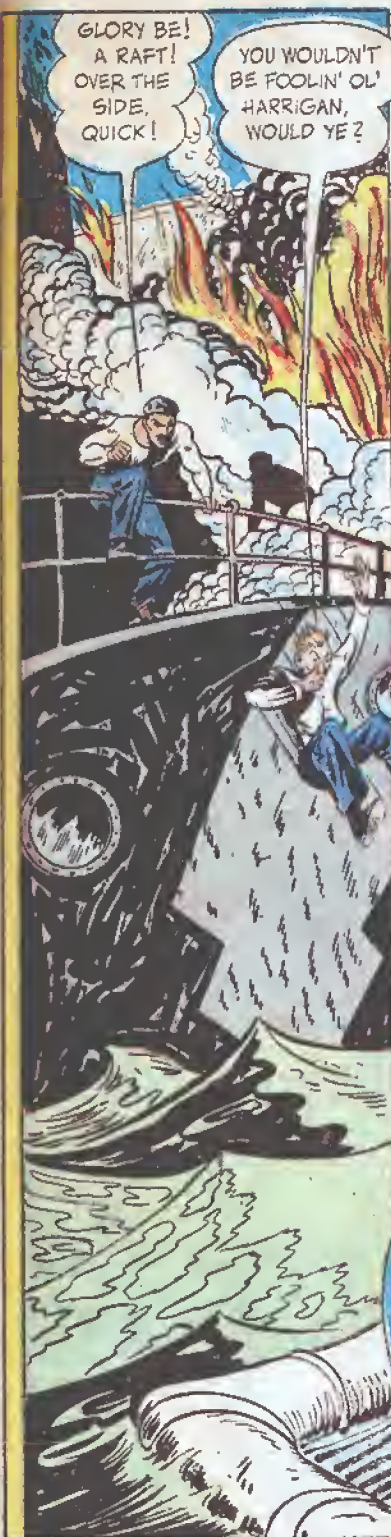
QUESTION No. 12. Is a certain type of merchant ship called vamp, tramp, or ramp steamer?



SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE NOISE AND CONFUSION, A CLEAR ORDER RINGS OUT!







GLORY BE!
A RAFT!
OVER THE
SIDE,
QUICK!

YOU WOULDN'T
BE FOOLIN' OL'
HARRIGAN,
WOULD YE?



EASY
DOES IT,
GARY!

SURE, AND WHEN
YOU'RE WITH HARRIGAN,
YOU'RE SAFE! 'TIS
THE LUCK O' THE
IRISH!

YEAH--WE
SURE ARE
LUCKY...



AND ON A
NEARBY
ISLAND...

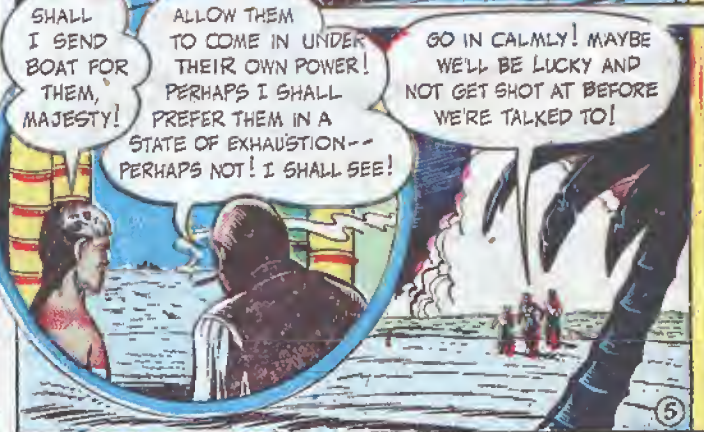
BONZO, MAJESTY!
RAFT WITH MEN
APPROACHES!

AH! SO! WE MUST PREPARE
TO WELCOME THEM IN OUR OWN
QUAINT MANNER, EH, LINKY?
SEE TO IT!



HEY, FELLAS!
LAND!

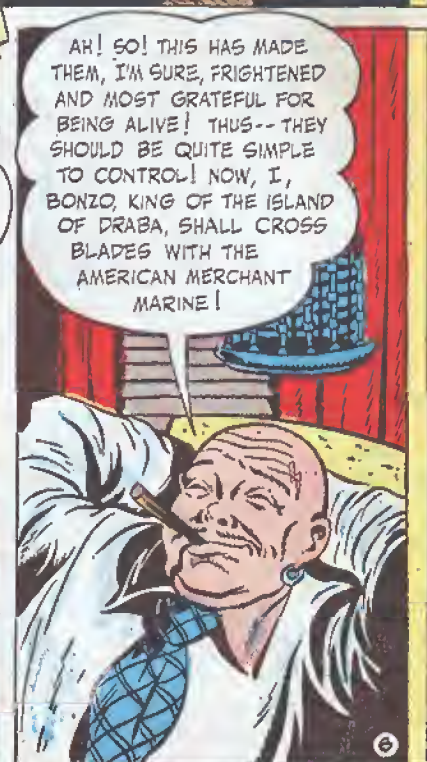
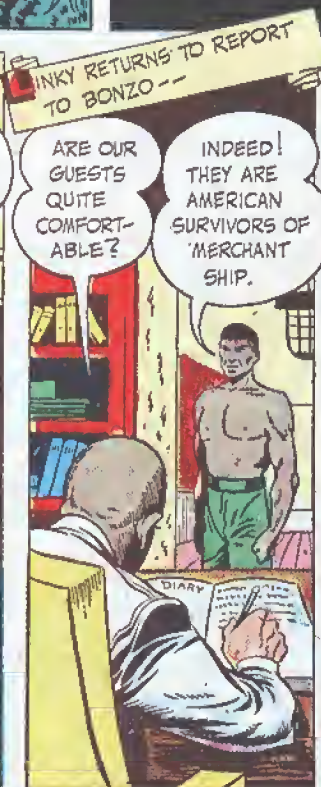
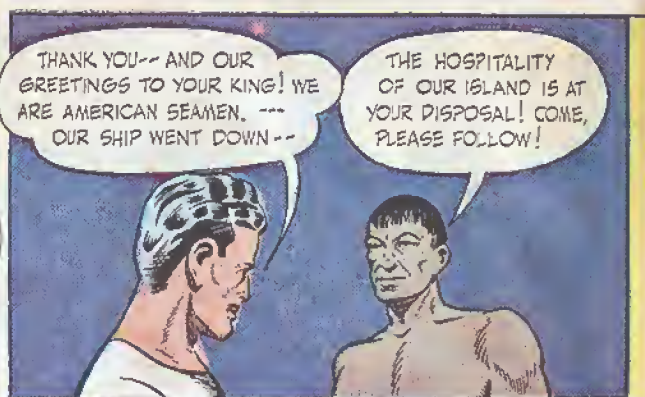
DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP,
GARY! IF THE NATIVES AREN'T
CHUMMY IT MIGHT BE
BETTER TO TAKE OUR
CHANCES WITH THE SHARKS!



SHALL
I SEND
BOAT FOR
THEM,
MAJESTY!

ALLOW THEM
TO COME IN UNDER
THEIR OWN POWER!
PERHAPS I SHALL
PREFER THEM IN A
STATE OF EXHAUSTION--
PERHAPS NOT! I SHALL SEE!

GO IN CALMLY! MAYBE
WE'LL BE LUCKY AND
NOT GET SHOT AT BEFORE
WE'RE TALKED TO!



QUESTION No. 14. Can you make a milk room out of Bonzo's diary with one change?

A S QUIET SETTLES OVER THE ISLAND --



A SLIGHT, FURTIVE FIGURE STEALS TOWARD THE NEWCOMERS' HUT --



PSST! SAILOR! BOY SAILOR!

HUH! -- WHO'S THAT? GOLLY! A G-G-GIRL!

G-G-GEE! YOU SURE ARE PRETTY! MY NAME'S GARY -- WHAT'S YOURS?

PANAMA! BUT I DO NOT COME TO MAKE THEE ROMANCE! PLEASE -- YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS -- GO AWAY -- QUEEKLES!

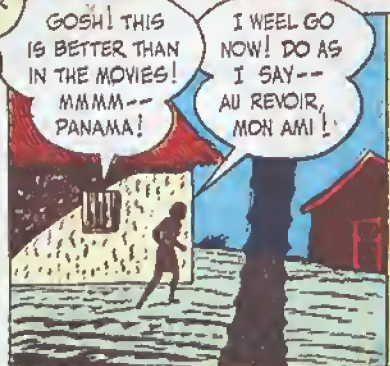


OH, SURE! SURE! WE'LL DO THAT! GEE -- PANAMA!

BUT YOU ARE EEN MOCH DANGER HERE FROM MY FATHAIRE! YOU WEEL GO -- YES?

GOSH! THIS IS BETTER THAN IN THE MOVIES! MMM -- PANAMA!

I WEEL GO NOW! DO AS I SAY -- AU REVOIR, MON AMI!



IT'S LOVE -- LOVE -- & LOVE! GOSH! WHAT A PRETTY NAME FOR A PRETTY CHICK! PANAMA! WHAT WAS SHE SAYIN'? MMM!





AH! SO! MY DAUGHTER! MY PRIDE AND JOY! DO YOU ENJOY THESE NIGHTLY WALKS?

F-F-FATHAIRE!



I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO CURE YOU OF THEM! YOU--AH--MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE SOME EVENING, MY DARLING DAUGHTER!

NO-- NO--



EEEEEE!



'HOLY COW! WHAT WAS THAT?

BEGORRA! IT'S A WOMAN'S SCREAM!

EEEEH!

C'MON!
LET'S FIND
OUT!

SURE, AND HARRIGAN'S
BLOOD BOILS WHEN A
FAIR LADY SCREAMS FOR
HELP! CAN SHE BE
IRISH, DO-YE THINK?

GOOD
EVENING,
GENTLEMEN!

HUH?
THE
LORD BE-
CHUNE US AND
ALL HARM! IT'S
THE KING, I'LL
BET!

IT'S TRUE, AMIGOS!
I AM BONZO-- AND
I MUST APOLOGIZE
FOR THIS UNSEEMLY
DISTURBANCE!

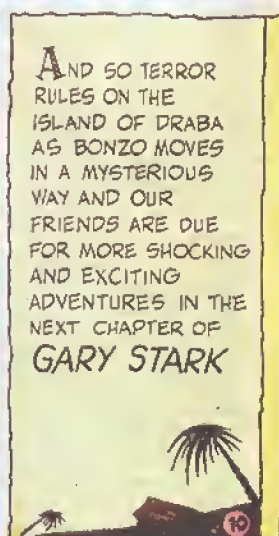
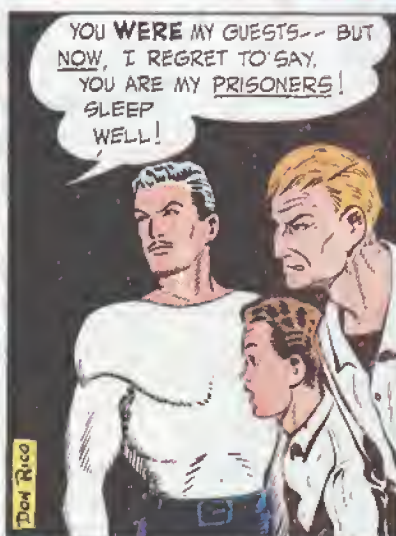
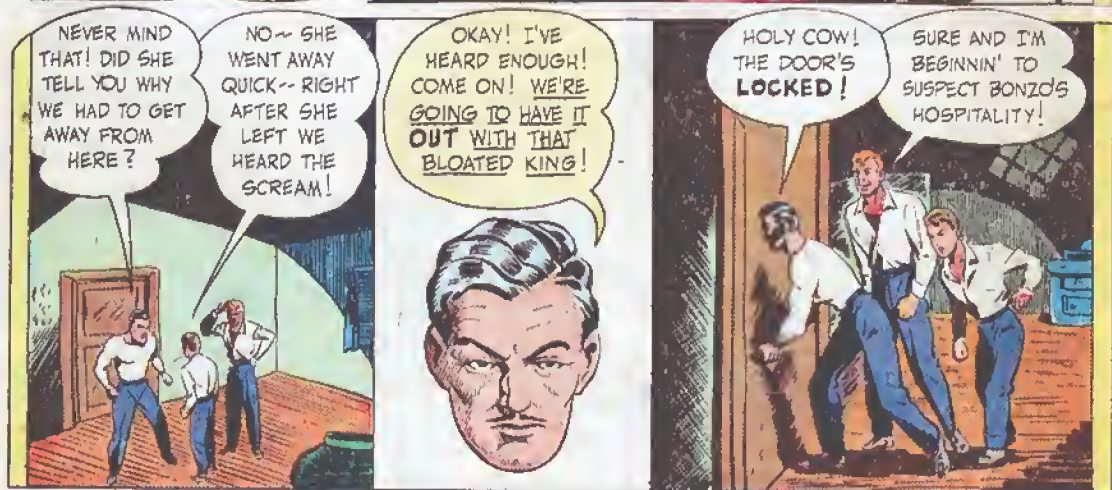
YEAH--IT DID
SORTA UPSET
THE PEACE
AND QUIET!

SURE AND
HARRIGAN
NEEDS HIS
BEAUTY
SLEEP!

OH! OH! I AM SORRY--VERY MUCH SO!
BUT YOU SEE, ONE OF MY SUBJECTS
HAS BEEN UNRULY-- DISLOYAL--
SO OF COURSE, AS A GOOD
KING, I HAD TO MÊTE OUT
PUNISHMENT! YOU WON'T
BE DISTURBED AGAIN!

-- BUT IT
SOUNDED
LIKE A
WOMAN--

PLEASE! I MUST ASK YOU--
DO NOT INTERFERE WITH MY
RULE! I DO AS I SEE FIT!
-- GOOD NIGHT!



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC **YOUNG KING COLE**.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

by Marion Ruport

HIS first coaching job — maybe. Dan McCaffery rubbed his chin and reconsidered. Now looking at Mendon's athletic field, with a quarter-mile track enclosing the springy emerald gridiron, Dan knew that he would have to revise his original campaign.

Turning to the man beside him, he said, "This is unusual for a town this size."

Harold Brainerd, the principal, replied, "Yes, it is."

With a final backward look, Dan followed the principal to his car. Until tomorrow morning Dan was the Brainerds' guest and he brought into play every social grace he knew. If he could land this job, he could go on to the future he meant to have.

That evening a small group of men and their wives had been invited in to meet him. Dan was on the alert for an opportunity to show the stuff he was made of. When Dan's turn came, he plunged into a personal anecdote.

"I'll never forget the day we played Vermont Teachers last year. It snowed—the first snow of the season — and I watched it through the infirmatory windows, wishing a miracle would happen to get me out of there and to the game. I'd been laid up all week with the flu, you see. That game was awfully important. I *had* to be there — I was one of the three lettermen left, and the team depended on me. But the doctor said nothing doing—what could I do with a temperature of a hundred and two anyway?

"About two o'clock the infirmatory began to quiet down. After a while the nurse thought we were all asleep and left. As soon as she was gone, up I got and began looking for my clothes. Somebody had taken them away, of course, so I wrapped a couple of blankets around me and away I went.

"They were in the second half by the time I got there, and our fellows were having their troubles, all right. Vermont Teachers had a touch-down; we had nothing.

"Right now I could tell you about that game play-by-play, it's that clear in my mind. Well, we broke the jinx—14 to 7—and I like to think that I had a part in it, just by being there to let the gang know I was with them all the way."

Dan concluded with a little shake of his head that said nothing was too much to do for alma mater and the team. He could see that the men were impressed. Dan McCaffery went to bed thinking, "It's in the bag. I'm all set."

Morning came bright and honest. The epitome of youthful spirits and eagerness, Dan said all the right things to his hostess before getting into the car beside Mr. Brainerd. The few minutes there were before train time Dan filled by expanding the theme of what a lucky fellow he would be to land a job in a place like Mendon.

Mr. Brainerd had little to say. He escorted Dan to the train, handed up his bag, and shook hands.

"I expect we'll be hearing from you again," he said.

He watched the train pull away, then drove thoughtfully to the school.

The meeting that was to decide Dan McCaffery's fate was held that same day at four o'clock.

"A fine young man," was the consensus of opinion. "A lot of the right spirit. Just what we want."

Some one became aware of Mr. Brainerd's silence.

"Hal, you haven't told us what *you* think."

"Dan McCaffery might make a fine coach for some schools," he said in a slow, firm voice, "but not for Mendon."

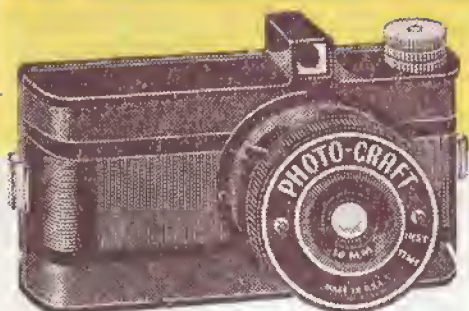
"That story last night," another said, shaking his head. "No doubt the boy was foolish, but that's the kind of stuff we want at Mendon. I tell you, it got me."

"That's just what he wanted it to do." Harold Brainerd shot to his feet and looked around the table. "It was a good story, only — Dan McCaffery was not the hero of it."

Excited, surprised voices rose, demanding an explanation. The confusion died away as the principal raised his hand.

"It just happens that I know the story well. I saw it happen, in fact. The boy who risked pneumonia to be with his team was Howard Beal. I was at that game with his father who is my very good friend." He paused and looked around the table again, saw consternation on every face. "Gentlemen, shall we look elsewhere for a man to guide our boys?"

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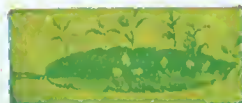
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TARGET

V7:3

May 1946

COVER BATTERFIELD

CADET

NINA ALBRIGHT*

9

CHAMELSON

RYAN/ALISON

7

MISC. CARTOONS

B.G. GUTH

1/2

SPECK, SPOT & SIS

VINCENT*

1

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

ART HELFANT*

1

TARGET

BATTERFIELD

6

MISC. CARTOONS

MILT HAMMER*

1/2

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBG

ART HELFANT*

1

DAN'L FLANNEL

GUS SCHROTTER

5

TARGETOONS

MILT HAMMER*

1

MERKIN GELING

B.G. GUTH*

1

(MARY LELAND)

TEXT

1

GARY STARK

DON RICO*

10

(MARION RUPOUT)

TEXT

1